

The Tragedy of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players,

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exit.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pefant slaue an I!

Is it not monstros that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,

Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate

As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,

Habls wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pidgeon liued, and lacke gall

Prince of

To make oppression bitter, or ere
I should haue satted all the region
With this slaues offall, bloody, ba
Remorselesse, treacherous, letcher
Why what an Assie am I? this is m
That I the sonne of a deere father
Prompted to my reuenge by hear
Must like a whore vnpack my hea
And fall a cursing like a very dra
About my braines, hum, I haue
That guilty creatures sitting at a
Haue by the very cunning of the
Beene strooke so to the soule, th
They haue proclaim'd their mal
For murther though it haue no
With most miraculous organ. I
Play somthing like the murther
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a c
I know my course. The spirit
May be a diuell, and the diuell
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea
Out of my weakenesse and my
As hee is very potent with such
Abuses mee to damne mee; Ile
More relatiue then this, the pla
Wherein Ile catch the conscienc

*Enter King, Queen, Pol.
denster*

King. And can you by no c
Get from him why hee puts o
Grating so harshly all his daye
With turbulent and dangerou

Ros. He dooes confesse he
But from what cause a will by
Guy. Nor do wee find him f
But with a crafty madnes kee
When we would bring him